

Some One's Servant Girl.

She stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain;
Who is she, pray? I asked a friend,
The red lips gave a curl—
"Really! I do know her name,
She's some one's servant girl."

Again, I saw her on the street
With burden trudge along,
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly, but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I'd thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye;
For there was no necessity
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman—
To "some one's servant girl."

Ah! well it is that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good,
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were—
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man, and woman fair—
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pearl
Will meet before their Father's throne—
With many a servant girl.

WESTCHESTER TOWER.

Some years ago, I had occasion to make a short trip from London, to visit my old college friend, Maitland, who had settled down as a clergyman in connection with the cathedral of Westchester. It was a pleasant excursion, chiefly by railway, and I was hospitably entertained. After dinner, my friend and I walked out in the dusk of the evening, to look at the antiquities of the place. In the course of our ramble, the moon rose, and threw a charm over the scene. With the moonlight streaming through the colored windows, we sauntered through the ancient cathedral, enjoying the solemnity of the edifice.

As we approached the gates of the choir, Maitland, though accustomed to the place became singularly silent. All at once, he called on me to notice that we were standing under the main central tower, and that in the vaulted dome overhead was a round black spot. "You see that dark spot," said he: "it is a covered hole opening up into the tower. It is sometimes used for the hauling up of lead and timber for repairs on the roof. I call your attention to it now, because I am going to tell you something about it by-and-by."

Seated once more by the fireside of my bachelor friend, I listened to what he had to say about the hole in the tower. I will try to repeat his story as he told it to me.

"I suppose it must be about five years ago, soon after I came to the cathedral, that I was engaged one evening in this room, writing, when I had occasion to refer to a book not in my possession, but which I knew to be accessible to me in the cathedral library. To procure the work, I sallied out with a lantern; and I had not gone very far when I was assailed by a cherry shout from Symes—Geoffrey Symes—an Oxford man, who had been my junior at Oriel. Symes was a little eccentric. He had taken a fairish degree, and might have done well, but, being passionately fond of music, he took to studying the organ; and this had brought him to Westchester, as a professor of the organist. As such, he was allowed to have constant access to the instrument—one of wonderful compass—in the cathedral.

"Symes would not, perhaps, have been called a scientific musician; but he had a wonderful gift of expressing thought and feeling on the organ, which he almost made to speak, so extraordinary was his power in bringing out effects. When engaged in this way, he seemed to be lost in an enthusiastic ardor. He wildly reveled in musical sounds. On this occasion, he seemed to resolve on a display of his powers. Rushing away for a few minutes, he brought little Jim Oxley, son of the verger, to blow the bellows; and, with this necessary aid, he set to work, and produced a voluntary that was altogether marvelous, and the effect of which was enhanced by the darkness. Well-known passages from great masters were skillfully welded with harmonious links into one another. One, however, a favorite of his as I knew, was complete, and alone—the 'Quando Corpus,' from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. I could compare it to nothing but the strenuous forging together of solid bars of melody, so severe, so nervous, so weighty, was the working out of the theme. And last of all, with most ravishing sweetness, came the exquisite Duet and Chorus from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and 'I wait for the Lord,' and as those delicate silvery strains of patience and thankfulness streamed into one another, and melted at last with the chorus into the great tide of praise, I was unconscious of anything but the music, and could have stayed there without further thought till the morning.

"I was aroused from my ecstasy by little Jim, who had been blowing the bellows all this time, asking me if he might go home, as his father did not know where he was. I let him out; and as the door fell behind him, I heard the low, dying wail of the organ, as Symes struck one or two ineffectual notes, and exhausted its last breath. He came down and joined me; and as I was taking up my book and lantern, previous to our departure, he suddenly cried: 'Hollo! that tower-hole is open. Just fancy looking down through there into the nave.' 'Yes, said I; 'I dare say it would be very pretty; in the meanwhile, I am going home, however.'

The Deaf-Blind's Memorial.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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"All right," said Symes. "Lend me your lantern, and I'll bid you good night."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I said. "Going up into the tower," he replied.

"In vain I tried to dissuade him, using every argument to represent to him the folly, the uselessness, the danger of such a proceeding. Good-humoredly but obstinately, he threw aside my remonstrances; and when at last I found him resolved, I made up my mind reluctantly, and not in the best of humors, to accompany him on his fool's errand. Thank God that I didn't leave him alone, as I had intended!

"I was little disposed, however, to respond to his lively sallies, as I followed him into the staircase, which led to the tower. The lantern was of little use to us as we climbed the worn steps. A cold strip of moonlight came through an open slit in the wall now and then, but otherwise we were in the dark. After some few minutes' ascent, we came to a doorway that led over the top of the transept arch under the leads of the roof. Begging Symes to look about him and to tread carefully, I passed after him through the darkness into the main tower. From where we stood, the upper side of the dome-like ceiling of the centre of the nave, between the two transepts, rose like an inverted cup before us; and at the apex of the dome, through the opening which had suggested this wayward undertaking, the moonlight streamed dimly up into the darkness of the tower. To carry out his purpose, Symes now proceeded to crawl up the dome, in order to look down through the orifice. I knew it was of no avail to say anything, so I stood and watched him with anxiety, as he leaned over the verge of the chasm.

"As I gazed, I became aware that immediately above the opening a stout rope was swinging, to which was attached a large hook. I remembered that some repairs had been going on for a few days on the roof of the cathedral, and that I had seen one or two rolls of lead wound up through the hole on the previous day. These thoughts were passing through my mind, when Symes, catching hold of the rope, jerked it, to ascertain that it was fastened above, and leaned forward with his weight upon it, as he looked down, with exclamations of delight. 'Come up, sir, and see; do!' he cried. 'It's worth all the trouble of a climb.'

"I was just about to creep up, that I might share his gratification, when a sudden whirling, grating sound of wheels above—a grasping exclamation—a scuffling snatch with his feet, at the edge of the hole, and before I could move, I saw the poor fellow disappear rapidly through the opening, as the rope uncoiled itself with increasing velocity from the winch overhead. It flashed across me in a moment. The handle of the winch had been imperfectly secured; the jerk and the subsequent weight had overcome the resistance, and, trusting wholly to the rope, he had slipped from his footing. The hope occurred to me, that the evident resistance which still restrained the free revolutions of the winch might prevent the descent being so rapid as to endanger life or limb; so that he would possibly land in safety with only a severe fright and shaking. These thoughts crowded pell-mell upon my mind, at the first shock of surprise. But, conceive my horror, when, with a loud jar, the noise of the wheels ceased, and the rope no longer descended.

"How I started! He has let go, thought I, and listened breathlessly, in sickening expectation of the crash which I conceived must follow. But all was still; and mechanically I crawled up to the edge of the hole and leaned over, thinking to see his crushed body in a ghastly heap below me.

"No! About five-and-twenty feet down, vibrating in a sheer space, was suspended my poor friend, at a height of at least fifty feet above the stone flooring of the nave. He was in the very midst of the stream of light that poured through the clerestory windows. In some way or another, he had relieved the strain upon his hands, by getting his leg over the hook at the end of the rope. I called to him to hold fast for a while, and to keep up his courage; but I never shall forget his despairing eyes nor the hoarse, agonizing whisper that replied: 'I can't hold on! I'm numbed. Loose the winch! Be quick, for God's sake!'

"Waiting for no further suggestion, I rushed back again to the staircase, and found in the darkness, almost by intuition, the steps which led still upwards, and hastened to mount them. Once or twice, as I panted in the ascent, I remembered that I came to the edge of a sheer depth, and drew back, scarcely conscious of the danger, I listened intently for any sound from below, but heard nothing; and at length, in what must have been an incredibly short space of time, breathless and gasping, I emerged on the rough, uneven flooring of the higher story of the tower. Trembling, I crept carefully forward to the centre of the space, and found the winch standing over an opening corresponding to the one below. I eagerly looked down, and could just see that something was still suspended in the now partially obscured light. I shouted again and again words of encouragement and hope; but there was no reply. With a sickening thrill, I set to work to exam-

ine the winch, and found, as I supposed, that the handle had been entangled in the coils of a rope, from which I had some difficulty, in the darkness, in extricating it. But once released, I allowed it to revolve slowly, until I felt that there was no further strain upon it. Scarcely, however, had the assurance of Symes's security dawned upon me as a possibility when a deadly faintness crept over me, and I think for a minute or two I lost consciousness.

"How I succeeded in getting down without disaster through that perilous labyrinth, I can form no idea, nor have I any recollection. I remember devoutly thanking God, as I stepped out from the door of the transept on to the floor of the nave.

"Here I am, old fellow?" I cried aloud to Symes, and sprang forward into the open space.

"There was no reply. My heart beat violently. Could he have gone home, and left me there? The moonbeams had drifted farther up the building, leaving the centre aisle in deep gloom. Creeping forward in vague terror, I almost stumbled over the body of my friend, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to the rope. With trembling haste I disentangled his limbs, and drew him on to the mat beside the verger's bench, where I left him for a moment, while I rushed to fetch assistance. But conceive again my blank despair, when I found the door, which shut with a spring, locked, and the key—I couldn't tell where! I had probably laid it down in some forgetful moment, and I was locked in, with a man dying or dead under my charge.

"I shouted; I beat; I looked upon the door, in the vain hope of being heard by some stray passenger; but there was no house within fifty yards, and I had heard the clock strike ten some time before. Wild with desperation, I ran back to my inanimate companion. By this time I had become so used to the obscurity as to be able to discern that while I had been away he had lifted his arm on to the bench, although there was still no further sign of consciousness. Such moments, my dear fellow, make one religious, if nothing else does. I do not know whether you have ever experienced the wave of relief that succeeds the unexpected deliverance from extreme peril; but I assure you that the conviction that poor Symes was not dead, brought me upon my knees, in thankfulness for the mercy that had protected us in such an awful crisis.

"I was overcome with weariness and weakness holding the hand of my unconscious friend, and I almost thought that I was dozing, when I heard the sound of an opening door, and friendly voices. I cried aloud, and we were at once surrounded with lights, and eager, frightened, inquiring faces, besieging me with questions, which for the time I was altogether unable to answer. Symes, still insensible, was carried to his lodgings on the other side of the grove, whither I followed him, and waited for more than half an hour, until the doctor came and told me that he was partly conscious, but must not on any account be disturbed or excited by seeing anybody. He said he would remain with him through the night; and I returned with anxious thoughts and an exhausted frame, but with a grateful heart, to my own home.

"It turned out that little Jimmy Oxley had been the means of bringing us help that we had despaired of. My old housekeeper had come into my room here two or three times during my absence, and could not understand my leaving the light burning, if I had intended to be away so long. She went over to Oxley's, and mentioned the circumstance, on which the verger said: 'Why, my boy left them in the cathedral an hour ago. And you may depend upon it, added he, 'that they've gone and locked themselves in, and that 'ere young fellow has been and lost the key, and they can't get out.' Which turned out to be pretty near the truth. And now let us have some tea."

"Well," said I, "that's an adventure, certainly, and not badly told either. It made me feel very shaky about the knees, when that poor fellow went down the hole. I suppose he got all right again?" "No, poor man," said Maitland with a sigh, "that is the saddest part of the history. He was dreadfully knocked down for some days, and then apparently recovered his general health, except that he had lost all his buoyant spirits, looked like an old man, and always seemed to avoid me. He has since gradually sunk into a state little better than idiocy which the doctors attribute to the shock to a highly excitable brain, and declare to be quite hopeless.

"Poor young fellow," said I. "I wonder how far he remembers the circumstances of that night." "Very little, you may be sure," said Maitland.

And so we gradually floated away into the stream of friendly talk upon general subjects, until at a late hour we parted for the night.

I awoke in the morning from a weary sleep-journey, and soon gathered what had been the mischievous spirit presiding at my dreams! A bath set me to rights. And after breakfast, Maitland drove me briskly out of the old city through the frosty morning air, to the station.

"May I make use of your story?" said I to him, as we parted.

"With all my heart," he replied. "And if you like, I'll send you up my memoirs. Good bye."

And this is the use I have made of it.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A Leap-Year Proposal.

There was the suggest sort of fire in the parlor of the farmhouse of Farmer Jones, who lived many miles away from the city. The lights of the sperm candles burned dimly, and Hettie sat imbedded in a luxurious rocking-chair, reading all about the doings of some noble courtier and his gallantry to a beautiful lady.

Hettie Jones was eighteen. Pert and pretty, golden curly hair, large blue eyes, little dimpled hands and a head filled with romantic ideas.

Her great and only fear was that she would never get a husband. This was from two facts. First, she was too pert, saucy, dignified, and—some people said—conceited, and that's why the young men were shy and gave her a wide berth; then, again, she had been to boarding-school, and had assumed so many city airs that the farmers' sons in the neighborhood felt so much out of place in her society that they rather avoided than sought her.

Hence it was that young men were shy. At the quiet country church on Sunday they scarcely nodded, some smiled, and a few ventured a word or two.

Hettie was the best dressed young lady at all the meetings. She hated those horrid, conceited city young men. They were, at best, a set of coxcombs, society butterflies, and too fond of wines, late suppers and no sleep. She never told many people of this. More folks might have imagined it, had they but considered the fact that she preferred country life and manners, and had not visited the city but once in six months, neither had she many callers, and no person had ever ventured to say that Hettie had a beau, or that she corresponded with anybody but ladies.

Still the young men in the valley dared not venture too high. In spite of the many invitations extended, they did not trust themselves under the fire of her little, busy, chattering tongue. They knew she was rich, handsome, ladylike, a thorough scholar, and plenty of them had seen her at work in the hay field, at the wash-tub, in the dairy, and at sewing. And then Hettie was accomplished in household affairs.

Ever since she was ten years of age she loved Harry Helms, living on the adjoining farm. They never corresponded, notwithstanding the fact that they had been fast friends before she went to school. Her three years of seminary life turned her little head somewhat, and she forgot all about writing to any one. When she came home the first time, she was so frenzied that she hardly knew her old friends.

Harry Helms had grown up to be a handsome, athletic young man. He was a tower of strength in the neighborhood, and the idol of all the girls. Even he was shy, however, of Hettie; his dear friend since childhood. He was four years her senior. He had frequently called on her, but only for a very short time. In fact, he was about the only visitor at the Pine Hill farm.

In the night in question Hettie sat reading and wondering whether Harry Helms would get back from the city in time to call. He had been away three months, and had promised to come to her on the night of his return. Not promised to call exactly, but promised to bring several articles she had asked him to purchase for her, and that she wanted them just as soon as he got home.

That young man wouldn't have missed that engagement for half the world, but not another soul knew it but himself. Hettie Jones never would have dreamed it. He urged his horses up hill and down; and when the sun had faded in the twilight, and the shadows deepened into darkness, he reached home.

One hour afterwards he was knocking at the front door of the Jones' farmhouse. Two minutes afterwards Hettie was inspecting the articles purchased, and for a while the parlor looked like a peddler's pack.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I could not have made better selections myself."

A half an hour later the visitor wanted to leave, but he was prevailed upon to remain.

"Why do you always hurry away from me?" she asked, deeply in earnest. "It does seem as if you had forgotten that we were once very good friends, Mr. Helms."

"Yes, once! Then you never called me mister, and you were a different person then. Now we are very different," was the young man's reply, as he drew the chair closer to the fire and farther away from the cherry-checked girl.

A thousand odd fancies flitted through her brain at that time. She knew that she deeply loved him, and yet she was not understood. Probably the boyish love of years ago had departed from the strong man in front of her.

"Don't you like to be called Mr. Helms? If it will please you better, I

will call you Harry, as I did years ago. But then you must take me out walking and sing to me just as you did then; and you must call me Hettie, just the same as you did when we were little; and you must think more of me than anybody else, just as you did then; and—" In the twinkling of an eye her heart seemed to swell in her throat, she suddenly realized what she was saying, and in an instant she turned deathly pale, swooned and fainted in her chair.

Her hands were cold as ice, her lips were bloodless, and her face white as snow. It was a faint in reality. It was some time before water revived her, but when she awoke she was in stronger arms than her father's or mother's. She was held there, too, in spite of her weak efforts to get away.

Harry Helms that night understood Hettie better than ever before. They were married, and another such a brilliant wedding was never celebrated in all that valley.

After they had been absent on their wedding tour several days, the loving little wife said to her husband: "Harry, I don't believe we ever would have been married had it not been for my thoughtless tongue. I made the first love to you, and that's how it all came about, wasn't it?"

Her only consolation now is that they are very happy, that it was leap-year, and that none of the neighbors know anything about it.

The Piper and the Lord.

Once when Victoria was at Balmoral with her retinue of lords and ladies, her musicians and her grooms, a neighboring nobleman, not remarkable for his depth of mind, came to see the royal pageant. His Scottish ear was charmed anew with the music squeezed out of the bagpipes by the royal piper, and he resolved to add such a charm to his castle.

Taking with him his attendants, and putting on the pompous airs of a great man towards an inferior, he approached the piper, who was prouder of his victory over that doleful wind-bag than ever Alexander was of his conquests, and addressed him thus:

"My good man, I like your pipes, and the music you make on them, and I've resolved to have a piper of my own."

"Well, sir," asked the haughty Abolus, in a tone which meant, "What do I care if you have?"

"I came to ask if you can get a piper for me?" continued the lord.

"I can, sir, a score of them if you like. What kind of piper do you want?"

"I want just such a piper as yourself," replied the lord, with the air of a man who felt that he had bestowed a great boon on a humble person.

This was too much for the pride of the piper, and, drawing himself up to his greatest height, he roared out in a contemptuous tone:

"That, my lord, I cannot do, for while lords like ye are over plenty, pipers like me are verily scarce."

The lord walked away, not a little crest-fallen, and understanding the reproof to be:

"A humble man at the head of his profession is of more worth than a nobleman at the foot of the line!"

A cobbler who mends a shoe well is a more valuable man to the world than the shipbuilder who, through carelessness or incompetency, sends a ship to sea with imperfect machinery. Whatever we do, let us do it well, and try to stand first in our own line of labor.

The First Singing of the Marseillaise.

What a marvellous power that strange chant has exercised in France during the greater part of a century. What wild vicissitudes have accompanied its declamation by men and women who have used it alike as a patriotic and a revolutionary call to arms. Rouget de l'Isle was himself but a common-place young man—a poetical lieutenant in the army of Strasbourg—but for once he mounted to a pinnacle of genius without knowing it; for the Marseillaise was simply a *chant de bataille*, and never intended to be a revolutionary song. Dietrich, who was mayor of Strasbourg in 1792, asked the young soldier to compose a new marching song for a volunteer company going on a foreign service. He finished the composition in a night, and the next morning was heard to rehearse it before the mayor and some of the artists of the theatre. At mid-day it was sung in the market-place, and so great was the effect that 300 recruits joined 600 who were ready to go out. The chant was to have a history unprecedented by any battle song in the world,—to survive its author, and to take new meaning and new name, Rouget de l'Isle, himself prescribed as a menace of death, and recognising the well-known sound, asked his guide what it was called. It had then been named the Marseillaise Hymn, and was long so called till hymns went out of fashion, and then it still retained its name of the Marseillaise. Whether it has played out its part in the history of France it will be rash to endeavor to determine.—*London and Provincial Illustrated Paper.*

When the Times Will Get Better.

"Why don't the times get better?"

That is a question which is frequently asked by our correspondents.

We think the times are getting better—slowly, but surely. And they will continue to grow better just about in the ratio that industry increases and extravagance decreases.

We were reading, not long ago, about a great Belgian iron manufacturer, whose works cover eight acres of ground. His business amounts to millions of dollars per annum, and he is able to undersell rivals in all parts of the world.

One of the chief reasons of his ability thus to triumph over competitors, is to be found in the facts that his personal and family expenses amount to only 16,000 francs (\$3,200) a year, that he oversees his business himself, and that all his sons and sons-in-law work with him, and are as industrious and economical as he is.

How differently the great manufacturers of this country and their families operate. An American, with such a business as this Belgian, would not be content with living on a paltry \$3,200 a year. His sons would not put on leather aprons and work at a bench. His daughters would not consent to their husbands working like day laborers.

No; he would have a costly establishment. They would all have costly establishments. His sons would spend more for cigars and dinners than suffices to pay all the personal and family expenses of the Belgian iron-king. His daughters would expend the \$3,200 in their outlay for one grand fancy ball. Newport, Saratoga, the European tour, and such like indulgences, would swallow up tens of thousands of dollars per annum. And in the absence of the head of the establishment away on some fashionable tour, the cashier would leave with the contents of the treasury.

Of course such a concern would have to charge high prices for all its commodities. With all the advantages of a high tariff and the cost of ocean transportation in its favor, it could not compete with the Belgian, who, reinforced by all his family, attends assiduously to his business, and foregoes all the frivolities of the age.

It is not to be expected that anybody's family in this country will imitate the Belgian iron-king's family; but it is not unreasonable to maintain that until industry and economy shall take the lead of idleness and extravagance, the times will not generally and permanently get any better.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The custom of appointing young lawyers to defend pauper criminals received a setback the other day. The Judge had appointed two young lawyers to defend an old and experienced horse thief. After inspecting his counsel for some time in silence, the prisoner rose in his place and addressed the Bench: "Air them to defend me!" "Yes, sir," said His Honor. "Both of them?" inquired the prisoner. "Both of them," responded the Judge. "Then I plead guilty," and the poor fellow took his seat and sighed heavily.

Nearly half a century ago, a woman by the name of Loomis, living in the town of Pawlet, Vt., was compelled to ask relief from the town which was refused. She finally became a charge upon the town, and she then made a vow that the town of Pawlet should not be without a pauper for fifty years. She will one hundred years old in October, 1876, and the fifty years will expire some time next winter. She has had offers of marriage during her dependence, but her answer always was, "I would not swap the town of Pawlet for the best man living." The town house, where she now resides, is over a mile from Pawlet village. Last fall she made her annual visit to the village on foot.

At the sale the other day at Eastwell Park of the Duke of Edinburgh's Alderney cows, the auctioneer thought to improve the occasion, when one of the cows was presented for sale, by saying she had supplied the milk for his Royal Highness's last-born Prince. This had not the desired effect on the Kentish farmers, for one remarked, "Never mind the baby; how about her last calf?"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a judge, trying a prisoner for murder, "they say that the fact of the face of the prisoner's killing his sweetheart shows that he was insane. Merciful powers! gentlemen, if that be so, what would they have said if he had married her?"

Richelieu's remark, "There's no such word as 'fail,'" should be modified to meet the present unpleasant times, so as to state about how many shillings will be paid in the pound.

The general in command of the business world—general du-bility.

"I shall be glad to hear from you at all times," as the deaf man said to the ear-trumpet.

Do Not Worry About Yourself.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body, for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated on the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves; and the mental strain is so great that sometimes people die of diseases which they only have in imagination. We have seen a person sea-sick in anticipation of a voyage, ere reaching the vessel. We have known persons to die of an imaginary cancer or any other mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, had fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death.

Therefore, well persons to remain so, should be cheerful and happy, and sick persons should have their attention diverted as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and it is by their faith they die. As a man thinketh so is he. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of disease, and if he has little or no attachment to life he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls, and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves, they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their souls, and the will has much to do in containing the physical occupancy of giving it up.

A LEGEND.—There is near Haerlen, in Holland, a small village famous for an extraordinary birth, and two basins kept in the church in memory of it. The Countess of Henneberg reproved a beggar woman who had three children at a birth, and said she had been dishonest. The grieving woman wished that she might have as many children at a birth as there were days in a year, which accordingly came to pass, and they were no bigger than mice. They were baptised in those two basins, and Luried in the said church. The whole history is painted at large, and the basins fixed on each side. This memorial, with other good authorities, testifies to the truth of this story.

FATAL COINCIDENCES.—A few years ago, there resided at the Mission San Jose, in Alameda county, California, two young ladies, between whom, though not of kin, a strong friendship existed. They were married at the same time and by the same service. They took up their residences, one at Heywards and the other at Alvarado. In the course of time they gave birth to children on the same day, the birth of one child preceding the other by two hours. Three weeks later, both children died on the same day, the elder dying just two hours before the other. Three weeks after the death of the children, both mothers died on the same day.

It is a great year for the old man. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were dead, who have long been thrust away in the kitchen and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney corner, are astonished by being brushed up of an evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as Centennial relics. "Grandfather, you knew Washington, didn't you?" screams a granddaughter in his ear, for he is very deaf. "Yes, yes," says grandfather, "the Gin'el bore'd a claw terbecer of me many and many a time!" The old man is going to Philadelphia, sure.

A person who dined in company with Dr. Johnson endeavored to make his court to him by laughing at every thing he said. The Doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent "Ha, ha, ha," became intolerable. "Pray, sir," said the Doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that you can comprehend."

Each-bers are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a public dinner:

"The ladies—sweet briars in the garden of life."

An exchange advises young ladies to wear yellow or orange colored vails to protect them from sunburn and freckles. This color arrests the chemical ray of the sun, the one that does the mischief.

A young couple were sitting in a romantic spot, with birds and flowers around them, when the following dialogue ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet."

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd leave off chewing tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir; since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wed to me, as it would be bigamy."

It was at a party that some young ladies were discussing the relative benefits of the sparrows and the worms, when one of the fair ones appealed to young Fizzles, who had just joined them, and had not caught the drift of the conversation. "Which do you think the worse, worms or sparrows?" What did the stupid brute do but innocently answer, "I don't know; I never had sparrows."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; it is the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Home, Oneida Co., N. Y.
All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Syle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

\$1,000 Donation.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

At a recent meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association in the lecture-room of St. Ann's Church, New York, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet came in and after the gentlemen who were speaking had left the platform, he stepped upon the rostrum and prefaced his remarks by stating that he had some good news to impart to the society. He said that a lady whose name is Mrs. H. D. Wyman, of New York, had sent him a present of \$1,000 cash for the Home for Aged and Infirmed Deaf-Mutes, one half of which will be used to pay current expenses of the present temporary Home and the other \$500 to apply in aid of the erection of the building for the national permanent Home. The Building Fund now amounts to about \$2,600.

Our correspondent, "Agrippa," to whom we are indebted for this good news, informs us that after the announcement of this large gift was made by Dr. Gallaudet, great rejoicing prevailed in the room, accompanied by the clapping of hands and other demonstrations of joy and expressions of many wishes for the future long life and happiness of Mrs. Wyman. This is a very opportune and magnificent donation for the Home and the \$500 applied to that purpose will largely assist in paying up the present indebtedness of the Home. The balance will be a great help towards erecting a building for the future use of the Home, but we must not abate our efforts in raising money for these purposes. If we exert ourselves to the utmost and do all we can our kind patrons will feel that they have not bestowed their money in vain. "God helps them that help themselves." But we must not expect that Providence will do all of it for us; we must be diligent and labor to do our own part of the work. Let the benevolence of the kind, generous lady stimulate every deaf-mute to do what he or she possibly can to provide for the future wants and comforts of the needy and helpless deaf-mutes, and we shall soon have buildings of our own and be able to show to the rest of the world that we take a proper degree of interest in the welfare of those to whose unfortunate condition our lot is similar. The deaf-mutes will ever hold in reverence the memory of Mrs. H. D. Wyman, and may she yet live many years to witness the good results of her liberal donation.

Help to Make Your Paper Interesting.

As we have said before, the readers have it, to a great extent, in their power to make an interesting paper. Nearly all or every one of the readers of the JOURNAL often know of scraps of intelligence and current events which many other readers besides themselves would like to learn. When anything transpires that relates to the general interest of deaf-mutes please send us the facts. Give us the accounts in plain English, so that they may be understood, and no matter if the sentences are not exactly grammatical, we can fix them up for the paper, and they may afford much pleasure to your friends.

Fatal Warning.

Will the deaf and dumb ever learn from the bitter lessons in the experiences of some of their comrades, the fact that walking on railroad tracks is about as safe for them as marching up to the blazing, gaping mouth of an enemy's cannon on the battle field? Again we are pained to chronicle the death, from the above cause, of a deaf-mute of intelligence, but who lacked discretion, and the case of a young mute lady who escaped death only by the special interposition of a kind over-riding hand of Providence. Why will not deaf-mutes lay such lessons to heart and keep off the track. So treacherous is the danger and so unexpectedly are railroad trains liable to come upon the track-walker that many persons with unimpaired faculties of hearing will not hazard the risk. Let all deaf-mutes bear these solemn warnings in their minds; remember the counsels of their best friends; obey the warnings of natural reason; keep clear in walking, from the track, and many kind friends will not, when it is too late, have so many opportunities for lamenting their folly.

Our Centennial letter is crowded out this week. Probably we shall give two in our next issue.

Still Later from New Jersey.

We learn from papers received since our last edition that before the New Jersey Legislature adjourned *sine die* three important bills passed both Houses, viz., to provide an institution for the deaf and dumb, at New Brunswick to cost \$200,000, an Asylum for the feeble-minded at Bordentown at a cost of \$140,000 and \$10,000 to fix up the Soldiers' Childrens' Home for an Asylum for the blind. Previously a bill had been passed by both Houses which embraced the three appropriations for the aforesaid institutions which was vetoed by Governor Bedle. Afterwards the Legislature passed distinct bills for each of the appropriations. It is thought that the Governor may sign none of them, but possibly he will sign the blind asylum bill as it calls for only the small sum of \$10,000. Should the bills in any event receive his signature \$60,000 of the appropriations will be used this year and the buildings would have begun in a short time. For the sake of our New Jersey deaf-mute friends we heartily wish that since the deaf and dumb bill has been so fortunate as to pass the Legislature it might receive the Governor's approval and become a fixed reality. Should he, however, disapprove of adding his name to it, there is still hope that another Legislature may be able to pass it either with or without the signature of the Governor.

The New Brunswick *Daily Times* of a later date says that the Governor was to take no definite action on the deaf and dumb bill until Tuesday last, and that he was going to reconsider the matter to thoroughly satisfy himself that the people of that section of the State want the Institution. It was proposed to send on a delegation of at least one hundred of the most prominent citizens of that place to convince him of the fact, and the hope was entertained that they would succeed.

Institution Reports.

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

We have received a copy of the fifty-seventh annual report of the New York Institution for the year ending August 31, 1875. This Institution of world-wide celebrity, is located at Washington Heights, upon the banks of the Hudson River, between One Hundred and Sixty-second and One Hundred and Sixty-fifth streets. The grounds comprise about twenty-six acres, the entrance to which is at the corner of Tenth avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-second street, about nine miles from the City Hall.

The officers of the Board of Directors of the Institution are President, William Adams, D. D., LL. D.; First Vice President, Hon. Henry E. Davies, LL. D.; Second Vice President, Hon. Erasmus Brooks; Treasurer, Joseph W. Patterson; Secretary, Thatcher M. Adams. The board is composed of twenty-four gentlemen, divided into three classes, one of whose term of office expires in the month of May in each year when eight new members are elected in their stead. From this it will be seen that the directors all hold office for three years.

There is a Ladies' Committee composed of fifteen members which has its Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer.

The Executive Committee is composed of five gentlemen. The educational department of the Institution is under the management of the Principal, Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Fifteen teachers are employed, in addition to which there is a drawing teacher—Miss Caroline V. Hagadorn. One gentleman and one lady compose the supervisors of this department.

The administrative department embraces the Superintendent and Physician, William Porter, M. D., two consulting physicians, a steward and an assistant steward, a clerk, two supervisors, a matron and four assistant matrons, a house-keeper, a nurse, two engineers, a night watch of three persons, a cabinet-maker, a shoe-maker, a tailor and a gardener.

The fiscal year now ends on the 31st of August, instead of October 31st as formerly and the present report is therefore for the eleven months ending August 31, 1875. The Superintendent's report shows that during the eleven months there have been connected with the Institution 551 pupils, 321 of whom were males and 230 females.

The Treasurer's report shows in detail the receipts and expenditures for the past year. In gross they are as follows: Receipts from all sources for current expenses, \$197,640.54; current expenditures, \$197,248.61, leaving in the hands of the treasurer August 31, 1875, the balance of \$391.93.

No change has taken place in the personnel of the educational department during the past year, and very few in the administrative department; there was only one change in the board of directors—Shepherd Knapp, who had been a member of the board for a long term of years, died at a good old age, and Hon. John R. Brady, one of the justices of the supreme court, was elected to fill his vacancy.

The library of the Institution has been largely increased during the past year, principally by the addition of juvenile books.

Within the past year a new building was erected, which is devoted to hospital purposes with special appointments and conveniences for the care of the sick. It is sufficiently removed from the main building to insure thorough isolation of all cases of contagious or epidemic disease which may hereafter occur.

In his report the Superintendent says: "The experience of the year under the new system of instruction adopted at the beginning of the term has been exceedingly favorable, and the successful working of the school and various departments of industry attest the wisdom of the change. The pupils have apparently entered into the spirit of the work and shown by their cheerful and earnest efforts a determination to secure a thorough knowledge of their pursuits."

The division of the pupils into two classes, which allows each to have four hours devoted to school, besides three hours of manual labor apportioned respectively, either for morning or afternoon, affords an opportunity for convenient arrangement of work in the different departments, enabling them to receive more thorough instruction and to accomplish a greater amount of work. The boys are classified in the shops devoted to cabinet and carpenter work, shoemaking and tailoring, while a few are detailed for the bakery, and others for the garden and out-door labor. The girls, besides assisting in the various household duties, devote a portion of each day to work in the seamstress rooms and tailor shop.

The encroachments upon the grounds made by the opening of the new avenues and streets, are contracting our play yards and garden facilities; the Ridge road in particular, if finished as surveyed, will prove a serious inconvenience, as it will separate the Mansion house from the main building. The number of small children is gradually increasing, and is entirely out of proportion to our conveniences for their care.

In view of these facts, I would urge that some decided action be taken at an early day, toward securing a new site, large enough to provide ample accommodations for the institution. Plans carefully prepared and designed for all the buildings could then be adopted, and sections intended for the primary class erected, so that a transfer of that department could be made in advance, and the whole structure be completed as occasion should demand, without seriously interfering with the working of the school.

In April last a new law was enacted by the legislature of New York, insuring free education to all deaf-mutes, which reflects great credit upon its projectors, as well as upon the State. The success of this measure will be heartily welcomed by all persons interested in the welfare of the deaf and dumb. The fact that a majority of deaf-mutes, after passing a few years at an institution, in which besides obtaining a good education, they become proficient in some trade, or in a knowledge of household pursuits, and as they go out to mingle with the world, are enabled at once to become self-supporting, is of itself sufficient proof of the wise economy of the State in expending the moderate amount required for their support here.

There were during the year 51 cases of sickness which needed special attention embracing a great many forms of disease. Seven deaths resulted from small-pox, one from leucocythemia, and two from diphtheria. Although so many died from the small-pox, the Superintendent thinks the whole number of cases of sickness and deaths can hardly be called large in proportion to the number of inmates of the Institution.

The Institution was in the regular receipt, free of charge, of four monthly, three semi-monthly, three semi-weekly and nineteen weekly newspapers and periodicals.

Knowing that many of our readers who have not attended school at Fanwood, would like to get a full view of the operations of the "new departure" of the Institution, which has been the subject of much comment in the JOURNAL and other deaf-mute periodicals, we extract the following from the report of the principal:

"Under the operation of this system, the pupils known as the first division attend school, for one week, from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve, noon, and are employed in the shops, or in domestic affairs, from one o'clock till four in the afternoon, while the pupils in the second division have their three hours of manual training from eight to eleven in the morning, and their four hours of school from one to five in the afternoon. To equalize the benefits derived from the varying adaptation of different portions of the day to particular pursuits, the second division, on the following week, takes precedence, having its four hours of school in the morning, and its three hours of work in the afternoon. The same teacher presides over each classroom, whichever be the division in attendance, thus spending eight hours at his post, while the pupils, though confined seven hours, have such variety of occupation as to keep in healthful activity both mind and body. In addition to this, the latter are, according to age, assigned from one to three hours for study, three hours within which they are able to attend to personal matters, and enjoy the recuperation essential to the encouragement and happiness of youth, and ample time, besides, for meals, the toilet and sleep.

In order to make the workings of the day more apparent, we will give the schedule of the first and second divisions separately.

FIRST DIVISION.

Rise at 6 A. M., breakfast at 7, play 7:30, chapel at 8, school 8:15 to 12, dinner 12 M., shop 1 P. M., play 4, tea 5:30, play 6, study 7 to 8, 9 or 10, at which hours pupils of different ages and temperaments retire, interrupted only by evening prayers at 8, conducted separately for the different sexes, in their respective sitting-rooms.

SECOND DIVISION.

Rise at 6 A. M., breakfast at 7, play 7:30, shop 8, play 11, dinner 12 M., school 1 till 5 P. M., play 5, tea 5:30, play 6 to 7, study hours variously from 7 to 10, as in the first division.

On Saturday, which is given to the teachers as a holiday, the principal meets the whole body of pupils in the chapel at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, when he delivers a lecture in the sign language on some point which will have a practical effect on the development of their character. This is followed by prayer. The pupils composing the division which has been in school in the morning during the week, then repair to the lavatory, where the swimming pool or the private bath awaits their pleasure, after which they have the opportunity, under suitable protection, of visiting places of inter-

est outside of the premises, or of spending the day in the manner most agreeable to them within their bounds. The pupils in the division which has been under mechanical instruction during the mornings of the week, repair to the shops at eight o'clock, and remain till half-past ten. They then occupy the baths and dressing-rooms now vacated by the other division, and have the rest of the day to themselves. On the Saturday evening of the week when the first division is in school in the morning, the pupils are under the care of the principal and his assistants, and are entertained by lectures, debates and readings, under the auspices of an organization of their own, known as the Fanwood Literary Association. On the alternate Saturday evenings they are under the care of the superintendent, who devises for them social pleasures, not the least prized among which is the assembly of the pupils of both sexes in the girls' sitting-room.

On Sunday, after breakfasting as usual at seven o'clock, they are assembled at nine and repair to the chapel, where a service lasting about one hour is conducted by one of the teachers. Then, after a recess of half an hour, they study their scripture lessons until one, when they have dinner. At half-past two o'clock they are again assembled for worship in the chapel, when the principal conducts a service, the order of which is as follows, it being understood that during the prayers and in those exercises in which they directly take part, the pupils occupy a standing position:

1. The Lord's Prayer in concert.
2. The reading and explanation of a hymn.
3. The concerted singing of this hymn in rhythmic cadence, producing an effect on the eye not unlike that which singing produces upon the ear.
4. The reading of one or the other tables of the Decalogue by the principal, who gives each commandment by spelling the words with his fingers and giving the sense by natural signs.
5. An extended prayer in signs.
6. A discourse, the text and heads of which are written upon the large slates fronting the pupils, the explanation, enforcement and illustration being given in signs.
7. The concluding prayer and benediction.

In the evening, the pupils are again assembled in the chapel at seven or half-past seven o'clock, where interesting narratives of a character not unsuited to the day are given to them by different teachers present. It would add greatly to the interest of these Sunday evenings if the institution were in possession of a stereopticon, by means of which the geography, topography, natural features, history and teachings of the scriptures could be illustrated. A pleasing method of explaining these pictures to the deaf and dumb would be to have a written description in simple language, photographed upon a slide to follow each picture.

This proportionment of time we find from the experience of the year to have conducted more perfectly to the harmonious development of the pupils in the different directions rendered necessary by their condition than any we have tried before. It has proved a means of economy of expenditure in the salaries of the teachers by enabling us to accomplish the same and even better results with half the number of teachers. It has also been a benefit to the teachers by enabling the institution to increase their salaries to a sufficient extent to enable them to live comfortably and make some provision against the future. The only point in doubt at the outset, as to the expediency of the arrangement, was whether the teachers would be able to maintain throughout the day the tension of nerve and concentration of thought necessary in the successful instruction of the deaf and dumb without breaking down in health and being obliged to relinquish an employment for which experience had peculiarly fitted them. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that in no previous year have there been so few cases of absence from their posts among the teachers on account of sickness, a result satisfactory, not only in its present effect, but in its promise for the future.

[The report of the Institution covers 110 folio pages of closely printed matter, including the different reports of the board of directors, the superintendent and physician, the principal, secretary and treasurer, together with the proceedings of the annual examination of the pupils, and is replete with facts, figures, statistics, remarks, suggestions and details, all of which have an important bearing on the best educational, moral and physical interests of the deaf and dumb of the State, and all other deaf-mutes who are so fortunate as to gain admittance to its privileges. We regret that time and space admit only of our collecting and publishing only a brief synopsis of what has been done for the pupils of the Institution during the year. A careful review of the report shows clearly that all the interests pertaining to the Institution are well cared for, and that the progress attained by the pupils was highly satisfactory; and in point of excellence for thorough mental discipline and moral culture, the Institution is equaled by few and second to no other. The finances of the Institution are not parsimoniously, but skillfully and judiciously managed, and improvements are constantly being added to provide for the comfort and happiness of the pupils.]

—ED. JOURNAL.

THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION.
From the Public (Pa.) Record.
The report of the directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for 1875, now issued in pamphlet form is one of unusual interest. The great event of the year was the enlarging, remodeling and renovating of the buildings. The original structure, erected half a century ago, has been gradually increased by wings and dormitories as the increase of pupils demanded, until now it extends an entire square, from Broad to Fifteenth streets. The increase in the

number of deaf-mutes through the effects of spotted and scarlet fever and cerebro-spinal meningitis has of late years caused the buildings to become over-crowded, and many applicants have been turned away; but now there are accommodations for upward of 350 pupils. There were 224 pupils on January 1, 1875, and on January 1, 1876, the total number was 297, of whom 163 were males and 134 were females. Of these, 267 were supported by the state, 19 by New Jersey and Delaware, 10 by private aid and 1 by the city. There are plenty of parlors, play rooms and work rooms now in the institution. When it was reopened, last November, after being closed for additions and repairs, it had a large accession of new pupils, causing the teachers to be increased in number to 16. In addition to the school education, the larger boys are taught shoemaking and tailoring, and the girls are taught sewing.

The directors appeal to the legislature not only for the current expenses but for provision to pay in part a debt of about \$168,000, borrowed to pay for the new buildings, and the altering and furnishing of the old ones. These enlargements enable the institution now for the first time in several years to receive all applicants from all parts of the state. These applicants, as we have said, have greatly increased of late, and the directors remark that whereas the number born deaf formerly exceeded that where deafness was produced by disease, now the reverse is the case. Of course we need say nothing of the character of that charity which raises the deaf-mute out of the dreary lot of being cut off from means of intercourse with his fellow-men and so instructs him that he can communicate with them, and can share their mental and moral growth. The directors regret that no addition has been made to the fund to aid deserving deaf-mutes who stand in need of assistance. The establishment of a home where they would be protected from the temptations which surround them, and where they would be made comfortable, is commended to the consideration of the benevolent.

The principal's report contains some additional facts of interest. Of the 109 new pupils admitted during the past year, 69 were males and 40 were females; 33 were deaf and dumb from birth, and all the rest were made deaf by sickness or accident—scarlet fever and spotted fever alone causing 39 of the cases, or over half. Of the one hundred and five families to which the above 109 pupils belong, eleven contain each more than 1 deaf-mute child; seven of them contain each 2 deaf-mutes; two contain each 3; one contains 4, and one 5. Of the 41 pupils discharged last year (including 1 death), 24 had been there six years or more, 13 from four to five years, and only 2 less than two years. The discharged pupils mostly have been taught either shoe-making, tailoring or sewing.

The account given of the origin of the institution in the principal's report is interesting. It seems that in the winter of 1819—1820, David G. Seixas, an Israelite, who kept a little crockery shop in Market street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, having learned the beneficent operation of the deaf and dumb asylum established at Hartford, Connecticut, and of the one at New York, and pitying the lot of the uncared-for deaf-mutes of his own city, managed to collect eleven of them in his house, and there taught them the alphabet of signs. His work immediately attracted the attention of philanthropists, and Mr. Robert Vaux and others formed a society to establish a regular school. Mr. Seixas was engaged as teacher, and continued to hold the school at his house. He at once, however, visited the Hartford asylum, and there learned the methods of teaching which had caused such general admiration, and had attracted his attention. In November of the same year, 1820, a house was fitted up in Market street for the school. A few months later the legislature granted the act of incorporation under which the Commonwealth allowed one hundred and sixty dollars apiece per annum for the support and education of indigent pupils of the state, limiting the number to fifty, and the term of each to three years. The number has since been increased, and the term extended by several successive enactments. At the present time the number is not limited to any specified number, and the term allowed is six years, which may be extended to eight years in particular cases.

This was the origin of the institution. In a few years (and after a previous change to a building on the site of the present Bingham house) it was found necessary to build the present institution at Broad and Pine streets. Additions were made in 1828, 1838 and 1854. By crowding 225 children here for the past few years been enabled to live in the institution; but numbers were kept out awaiting their turn, and when the number thus waiting had risen to 40 the enlargements of last year became imperative.

Appended to the principal's report are some specimens of original compositions by the pupils which are exceedingly interesting and suggestive. The more advanced pupils produce compositions well worthy of admiration. Some hints for teaching deaf-mutes at home are also given, of which the following are illustrations: For "good," kiss the hand. For "bad," bring the hand to the lips, turn the palm down and throw it from you. For "glad," pat the heart rapidly; with a cheerful expression of the countenance. For "sorry," rub the clenched hand on the heart, with a sad expression of countenance. For "black," draw the end of the forefinger along the eyebrow. For "red," touch the lips with the forefinger. For "love," cross the hands and press them on the heart. For "hate," push both hands, the palms out, from the heart, as if repelling something from the left side. For "lie," move the forefinger across the mouth horizontally. For "true," place the forefinger perpendicularly across across the lips and thrust it forward. A picture of the sign alphabet is also given, and any person can take an object, as a hat, pick out the letters h-a-t

from the deaf and dumb alphabet, and learn to place the fingers in the true position for each letter. "No matter how slowly it is done, let the child imitate until he can make the letters of the word in order without assistance. At the same time show the object. Do this very often, until the child has learned to spell the word when the hat is presented to it, or to go and bring the hat when the word is spelled to it. Then take another object, a pin; go through the same process until thoroughly learned." From spelling names the next step will be to writing the word hat, pin, and so on. The child by referring both to his object and his sign alphabet will soon imitate the copy and understand its meaning. Then using his own name, as, for instance, John, the next step is to such phrases as "John sees a hat," the meaning of sees being expressed by signs. It may be a long work, but it will be accomplished.

In the new buildings everything is arranged for health, comfort and progress. An examination of the institution is only useful to show this. Mr. William Welsh said, in an address, last October, that the two blank niches in the front of the edifice should be filled with statues and suggested for the figures, Bishop White, the first president of the institution, and James J. Barclay, its venerable and eminent supporter. The names are worthy, but can no word be said for the claims to honor of that humble Israelite crockery dealer, David G. Seixas?

More Railroad Accidents.

A DEAF-MUTE PUPIL KILLED—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A YOUNG DEAF-MUTE LADY.

Emerson Helmick, a pupil of the Illinois Institution, was killed by a train on the Chicago and Alton railroad lately. He left the Institution in the morning, and it is supposed started for his home at Litchfield by walking on the track. When near Roodhouse, the engineer of the 2:30 P. M. express train, bound for St. Louis, noticed him, rung the bell and blew the whistle to no purpose. The engine struck him, crushing in the back of his skull, breaking both ankles and otherwise mutilating his body. He was killed instantly. His body was taken up, carried to Roodhouse depot, and in the evening it was taken back to the Institution, and from there it was forwarded to Litchfield for burial. The deceased was 18 years of age and was reared in Litchfield.

Miss Addie C. Blash, a deaf-mute, of Wethersfield, Ill., recently came near losing her life by walking on the railroad track. Miss Blash, who is about twenty-two years of age is living with the family of Mr. E. M. Vail, at Jacksonville, Ill. A few days since she started on foot for a visit to Wethersfield. She was cautioned not to walk on the track, but when about half the distance was accomplished she found it very muddy walking and stepped on the track, and in a few moments the Pacific express came thundering along at a high rate of speed. The engineer blew the whistle, but she neither heard nor felt the jar of the rumbling train, and walked on not suspecting that the deadly engine was approaching with great rapidity. The engineer, supposing that she was performing an act of foolish bravado like many others, and that she intended to step off at the latest moment in time to escape the collision, followed on, but saw his mistake too late when she was struck by the cow-catcher. She was struck sideways and thrown upon the pilot, the right side of her head striking with much violence, but a mass of hair saved her from fatal injuries. The train passed on some distance before it could be stopped when the young lady was picked up insensible, put into the baggage car and taken back to the Jacksonville depot, supported by all to be dead. The train departed conveying the intelligence that she had been killed. Dr. Nance was in immediate attendance, examined her pulse and found that the beating had ceased. She soon, however, showed signs of consciousness and was carried to Mr. Vail's. Further examination developed the astounding and gratifying fact that not a bone was broken, nor was there scarcely a bruise upon her person. This case presents a most remarkable instance of a miraculous hand from the open jaws of death. She was soon up and about the house, but feeling a little sore. Her many friends rejoice at her marvellous escape from fatal results.

It is unquestionably a cutaneous disease that is known to be prevalent among a populous class of the community. GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP will cure it. The Board of Health should order a supply of the Soap for that purpose, at public expense. Sold everywhere.

A man named John T. Norris, who lives in Springfield, Ohio, is carrying on a systematic and very extensive swindling business. He advertises his headquarters at Springfield and Cincinnati, and orders goods and products of various sorts from firms in all parts of the Union and Canada, referring them to bankers and other business men in Springfield. When the goods arrive they are immediately taken from express offices or freight depots and transferred to other parties for any amount Norris or his confederates can get for them. Norris was in the Ohio penitentiary for swindling nearly a year, but was discharged through legal technicalities, and has been carrying on his business since on a larger scale than before. He claims to have amassed \$40,000 by this style of business.

It was a very nice-looking little boy, and he brought us such a fine specimen of what a hen can accomplish in the line of eggs, when she sets her mind upon it, that we shall tell his name and the size of the egg. He is Frank A. Parsons, and the egg measured 6½x8½ inches.

Magnificent Gift.

Mrs. Frances E. Lawrence, daughter of Dr. Walter Brashar, and widow of the late Henry E. Lawrence, has made a proposition to donate to Morgan city, Louisiana, a square of land in the centre of the city to be used as a public park. This is considered a magnificent offer for the city, as the land is said to be worth at the present time \$4,000. The city authorities will probably accept the present, and ere long proceed to lay out and beautify the grounds, giving it the name of Lawrence Park. Mrs. Lawrence is the mother of our friend Robert T. Lawrence. He and the other heirs offer to assign their right, title and interest in the land in order to make it a free gift to the city. Below we publish the correspondence of Mrs. Lawrence and her son R. T. Lawrence with the city council in relation to the subject:

MORGAN CITY, March 29, 1876.
To the Mayor and Councilmen of Morgan City: GENTLEMEN—Some time since I proposed to give to Morgan City all our right and interest in the square number twenty-seven, known as the Bayley square, and now await your acceptance of the proposal.

MRS. F. E. LAWRENCE.

MORGAN CITY, March 29, 1876.
To the Honorable Mayor and Councilmen of Morgan City:

GENTLEMEN—I desire to state to your honorable body that Mr. Bayley's attorney, Judge Gates, writes from Franklin, March 27, 1876, that Mr. Bayley disclaims any title to the square of ground number twenty-seven, and will relinquish in favor of the town any possible claim or right which he might have. He suggests that an act to that effect might be drawn up by a notary describing the property, and sent to Mr. Bayley, for him to take it before a notary in New Orleans, and relinquish all his claims, etc., in favor of the town.

R. T. LAWRENCE.

Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Great attention has been directed of late to the education of the deaf and dumb, and public interest has been excited by foreign accounts of methods of instruction, where the mutes were taught to use their voices, dactylography or the language of the fingers having been only employed as a supplementary aid. M. Magnat, of the French Academy of Sciences, has just given some very interesting facts in regard to the history of this approved method of voice teaching, which he shows to be to-day over a hundred years old. Its originator and discoverer M. Magnat declares to have been Jacob Rodrigue Pereira, who was born in Spain in 1715, and who died in Paris in 1780, some nine years before the death of the Abbé De l'Épée. Early in life Pereira devoted himself to the education of the deaf and dumb, and removing to France about 1735 settled in Bordeaux. In 1745 a rich official of Rochelle, d'Azv d'Etavigny, who had a deaf and dumb son, placed the boy under Pereira's charge. Pereira taught his pupil to form sounds, which were perfectly intelligible. In time the boy could read and write, and by watching the lips of those speaking to him, by degrees could understand ordinary words addressed to him. Pereira even went further. M. Magnat asserts that Pereira invented a dactylographical series of signs, worked out by one hand, which indicated sounds and not letters. In 1749 the master introduced his pupil to the Academy of Sciences, with the request that his method should be examined and approved of by them. It was Buffon himself who was instructed to make the report, and he declared that the boy "replied with great accuracy in speaking and writing to numerous questions put him," and concludes by stating that "there can be no doubt that by this method the deaf and dumb could be taught to converse with other people." At this time Pereira's fame was very great. The most illustrious men in France, Buffon, La Condamine, D'Alembert, and Diderot, indorsed his method. Rousseau even mentioned the Pereira method in his Musical Dictionary, but while enlarging it expressed a doubt as to whether the deaf and dumb could be taught even to sing. Of course it would not be very pleasant music; still certain combinations of notes in easy succession, M. Magnat asserts, would not present any more difficulty than the articulation of many complex words. M. Magnat indulges in some reflections as to the reasons why Pereira's method was forgotten, and even his name was disremembered, while the claims of the Abbé De l'Épée were placed in great prominence. Jacob Rodrigue Pereira was a Jew of no great social standing while the Abbé was rich, and directly attached to the court. In the preface of one of his books, the Abbé declares that he was in no way conversant with any former methods of instruction adapted to the use of the deaf and dumb. It is quite probable that long before the time of the Abbé De l'Épée, even in the fifteenth century, a system of signs was used by mutes. M. Magnat, who has devoted many years to the study of articulation as adapted to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, having had access to papers and documents of the middle of the last century, declares unhesitatingly that it is to Pereira that this method of teaching the dumb to speak is entirely due, and that we are only renewing what was accomplished most successfully a century ago.—N. Y. Times.

Fraud at the Illion Armory.

One of the sub-contractors of the Illion Armory has just discovered that his clerk has been robbing him for the past six or eight years. The amount is variously stated at from \$12,000 to \$20,000. The clerk has been speculating in real estate, etc. It is said that he will turn over all his property to make the loss good, in part, at least, with hope of avoiding punishment. He was a country lad, promoted to the clerkship from the bench.—Utica Herald.

—Specie payment resumed in our office last week.

in it, but was willing to aid it. by his

the success of the undertaking is assured.

News of the Week.

The public debt has decreased \$2,781,-81.49 during April.

The Democratic State Convention met at Utica on Wednesday last. John H. Jacobs was made permanent chairman. The Tammany delegates from New York were admitted exclusively; Senator Kernan, William Dorsheimer, J. C. Murphy, and A. S. Hewitt were appointed delegates at large. Delegates from the 24th District, Lewis C. Littlejohn and Christopher A. Walrath; 4th District, Allen C. Beach and Derrick C. West. A platform nominating Gov. Tilden was unanimously adopted. Senator Kernan and Gov. Seymour addressed the convention.

The Republican State Convention of Massachusetts elected E. R. Hoar, Richard H. Dana, jr., J. M. Forbes, and President Paul A. Chadbourne, delegates at large to Cincinnati; the delegation was

The steamer *Queasant*, from Brest, has run dered at sea, twenty-one lives being lost.

At the London Stock Exchange Saturday, consols had gained three-eighths on the week; English railway securities had been excited with numerous and marked fluctuations.

A telegram from the Defense Association of Barbadoes, reiterates all the previous reports of the condition of affairs in that island, and declares that intense anxiety still prevails.

Commodore Vanderbilt is ill.

A \$225,000 foreclosure suit has been begun against Daniel Drew's residence, New York.

In a five mile race at New York, Friday, between the horse White Cloud and David Stanton, the English bicycle champion, the latter was distanced $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

There is a revolt against Mr. Spencer in Alabama, and two Republican conventions are called.

The revolt in Algeria has been completely subdued, and the leaders have been captured and are held as hostages for the good conduct of their tribes.

Mukhtar reports that he has entered Fessic in triumph, after defeating a large body of insurgents at Fressjeka and occupying their intrenchments.

A Republican reform club has been organized in New York, which contains many prominent citizens.

A ferry-boat plying between Rudenstein, Germany, and Bingen, exploded on Sunday, and thirty persons were killed.

A bull wrecked a freight train at Promontory, Utah, Monday, and three men were killed.

Near Hancock, N. Y., Monday, Orsin Boyd, his wife and two children were drowned while riding through the Delaware.

Assemblyman Lynott, of Luzerne county, has been expelled from the Pennsylvania house for bribery.

The California Republicans have declared for Mr. Blaine for President.

buildings on Sundays.

PARISH.

The venerable Judge Skinner was in our place a few days ago. Sickness has made a marked effect upon him, and our people regretted to see him so emaciated. Nevertheless they rejoiced to see him. The judge is now about the only one in this county of the noble farmers who has this title. This title is now monopolized by lawyers. We suggest that the law making only lawyers judges be repealed. Let the people confer the office upon whom they please. For forty years Judge Beekman, a farmer, was first judge of the county of Schoharie.

Mr. H. Paddock has removed to Westport, to open a hardware store there. Clark Pickens, blacksmith, has also removed to the same place, and will work at his trade there.

Charles Ford's eyes have improved very much since the operation of Dr. Ryder.

Dr. White's health is now much bet-

We have a farmer boy in this town who takes a book along to study when he goes to the cheese factory. It is needless to say that his father and mother are Grangers. It is said that the Grangers are turning out more orators into the world than any other institution. Grangers are learning to think for themselves.

Parish, May 2, 1876.

—Snow storm on Sunday.
—Cold, blustering wind on Monday.
—Considerable improvement is being made in Mrs. Van Duzee's house on Church street, and it will be ready to be occupied soon.

—We have received calls this week from Rev. A. P. Burgess, of Newark, N. Y.; Rev. Jas. A. Skinner, of Syracuse; and Rev. Mr. Barnetson, of Prattsville. They are always welcome.

—A few days ago Mr. Veeder Green, on entering his barn, stepped upon a nail, driving it quite a ways into his foot, making so severe a hurt as to oblige him to use crutches in order to get about.

—B. S. Stone & Co., of this village, have sold upwards of forty "Oliver Chilled Plows" this season, which is an evidence

plows and the value of liberal advertising.

